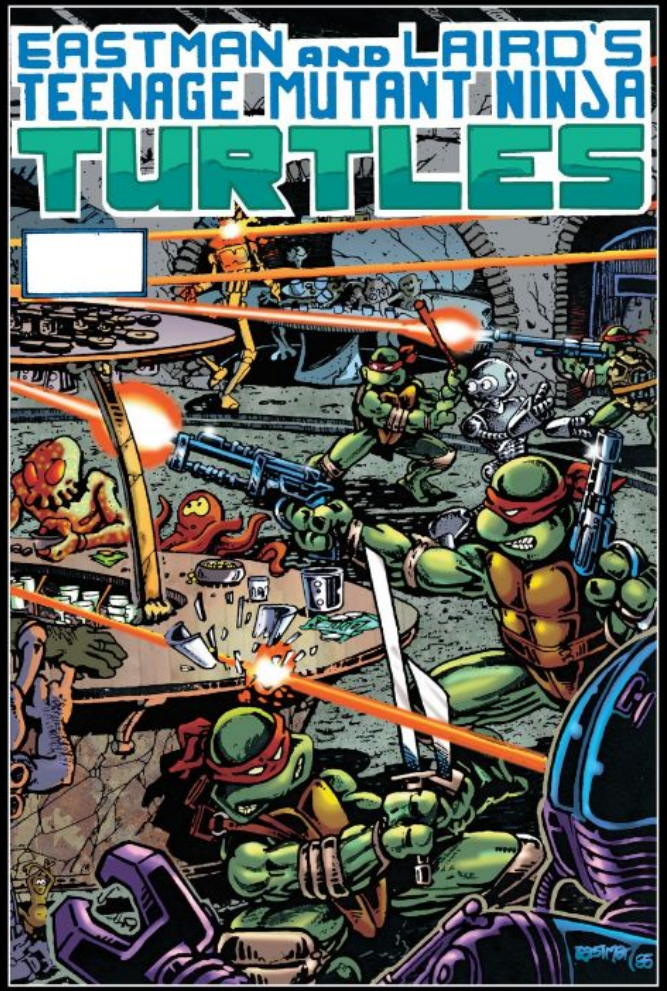


EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

CO-STARRING: FUGITOID

KEVIN EASTMAN AND PETER LAIRD
CO-CREATORS/WRITERS/ARTISTS
LETTERING: STEVE LAVIGNE

UNH! I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN TURNED INSIDE OUT AND BACK AGAIN!

WHAT HAPPENED? THAT LIGHT— THE STRANGE LAB— THOSE WEIRD ROBOT ALIENS —? WHERED THEY GO?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT NEW COMPANY— AND THEY DON'T LOOK TOO FRIENDLY EITHER!

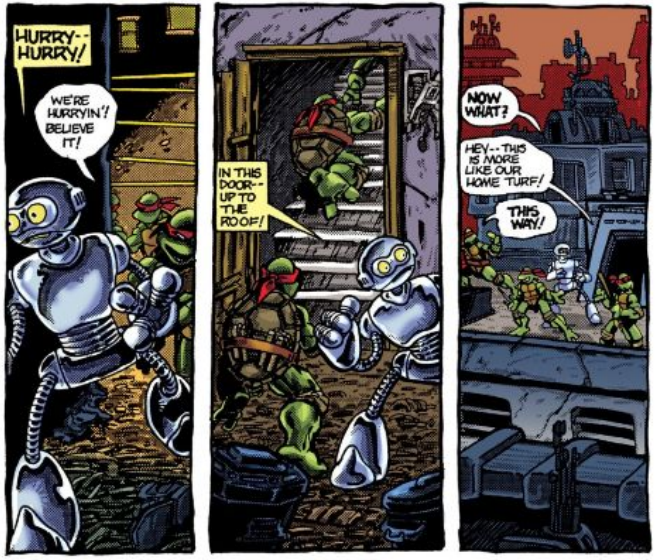
WELL, BEFORE THEIR TRIGGER FINGERS GET TOO ITCHY—

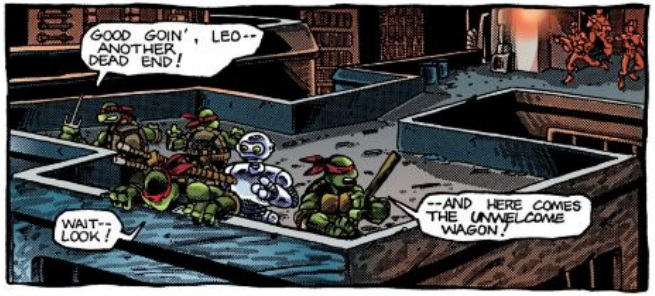
HIT'EM!
HAII!
DONATELLO, RAPHAEL -- COVER MY FLANKS! I'M GOING STRAIGHT THROUGH!
MIKE! BE CAREFUL OF THAT ARM!
HMM...THESE STRANGE CREATURES ARE HELPING ME, EVEN IF UNINTENTIONALLY -- BY DISTRACTING GENERAL BLANQUE'S TROOPS, I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE A BREAK!

YOU'RE DEADMEAT!
NOT TODAY, CHUMLEY--
GIANK!
LIGHTS OUT!
WHAK!
ZARTZ
YEOW! MY BACK!
THAT HURT!!
GRRR-

MY WORD! THOSE FELLOWS ARE MAKING SHORT WORK OF THESE TROOPS-- BUT MORE ARE BOUND TO SHOW UP!
HMM... THIS WALL...
AHA! IT IS WOOD!
AND MAYBE WEAK ENOUGH FOR ME TO DO--
-THIS!
CRACK
IT WORKED! NOW, I CAN ESCAPE AND ... AND...
NO -- I CAN'T JUST RUN OUT ON THESE LITTLE GUYS.
HEY--YOU GUYS-- OVER HERE!
THIS WAY, QUICKLY!
OH, NO-- HERE COME SOME MORE OF THOSE GOONS!
AND THIS IS A DEAD END ALLEY.. DAMN!!!
HUH? HEY, LEO-- LOOK! A WAY OUT!

THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, AH-- UN-- ROBOT?
WHERE TO NOW?
THIS WAY-- I THINK!


HURRY-- HURRY!
WE'RE HURRYIN'! BELIEVE IT!
IN THIS DOOR-- UP TO THE ROOF!
NOW WHAT?
HEY-- THIS IS MORE LIKE OUR HOME TURF!
THIS WAY!

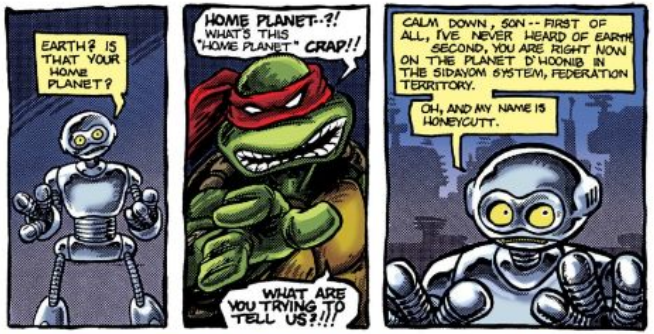

GOOD GOIN', LEO-- ANOTHER DEAD END!
WAIT-- LOOK!
--AND HERE COMES THE UNWELCOME WAGON!

THE GARBAGE IN THAT TRUCK--
--IT LOOKS SOFT ENOUGH!
OHH, NO... NO, I CAN'T-- I HATE HEIGHTS!
SURE YOU CAN!
YOW!
SPLAT!

ALRIGHT! WE MADE IT!
SO LONG, DUNGBALLS!
VEROOM

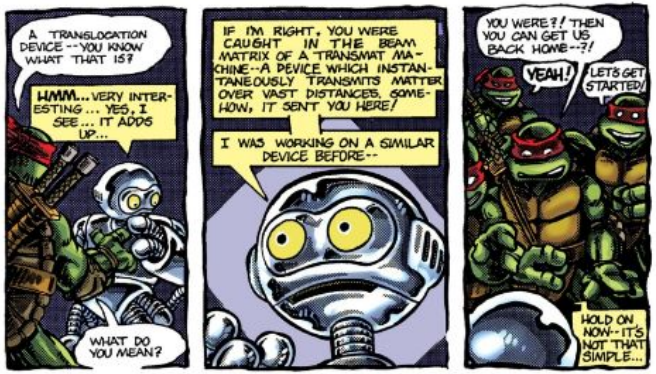
WOW--THIS IS A WEIRD CITY, MAN!
CHECK OUT THOSE DUDES!
WHERE?
OH, MY GOD...
...WHERE THE HECK...
...ARE WE?
...AND I THOUGHT NEW YORK WAS STRANGE!
SEVERAL MINUTES AND A FEW MILES LATER...
I CAN'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF PURSUIT...
...AND THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SECTION OF TOWN TO HIDE OUT IN!
LET'S GO!
HOPE WE CAN FIND A SHOWER OR SOMETHING, YUCK!
SO, UH... WHO ARE YOU AND WHERE ARE WE?
YOU'RE IN THE CITY OF PEBLAK, OF COURSE! AS FOR ME...
...MY STORY IS LONG AND SHOULD WAIT 'TIL WE'RE WELL HIDDEN!
HMM...THIS ONE SHOULD DO...
FOR WHAT?
THIS, MY BOYS, IS HOME FOR AWHILE!

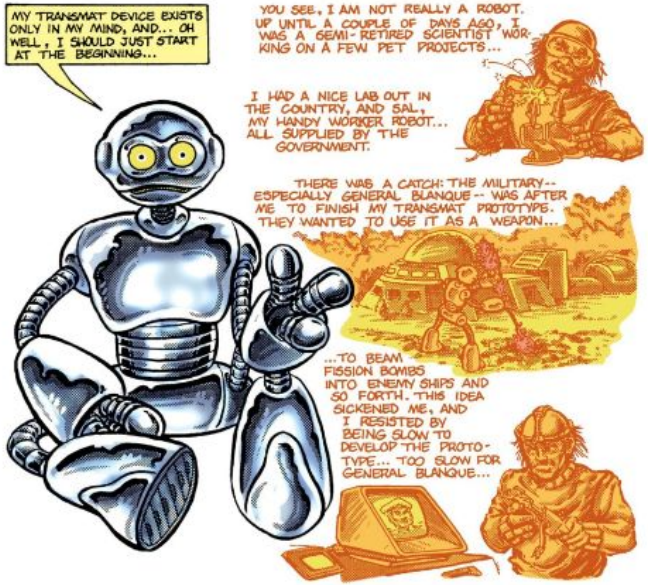
YUCK! WHAT A MESS! THE FIFTH FLOOR AND IT'S JUST AS GROSS AS THE FIRST FOUR!
LET'S HEAD UP TO THE ROOF, AND TRY TO GET OUR BEARINGS--
WHOA!
THIS IS NOT BROOKLYN--AND THAT IS CERTAINLY NOT MANHATTAN!
THIS-- DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE EARTH!


EARTH? IS THAT YOUR HOME PLANET?
HOME PLANET--?! WHAT'S THIS "HOME PLANET" CRAP!!
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL US?!!!
CALM DOWN, SON -- FIRST OF ALL, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF EARTH. SECOND, YOU ARE RIGHT NOW ON THE PLANET D'HOONIB IN THE SIDAYOM SYSTEM, FEDERATION TERRITORY.
OH, AND MY NAME IS HONEYCUTT.

I WANT TO THANK YOU FELLOWS FOR HELPING ME OUT BACK THERE...
...AND VICE VERSA... UH... HONEYCUTT! BY THE WAY, I'M LEONARDO!
RAPHAEL!
MICHAELANGELO!
DONATELLO!

WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS: HOW'D WE GET HERE, AND HOW DO WE GET BACK HOME? IT SEEMS LIKE JUST MINUTES AGO THAT WE HAD FOUND OUR MASTER, SPLINTER, IN THE T.C.R.I. LAB, AND WERE FIGHTING TO RESCUE HIM FROM HIS WEIRD CAPTORS...
...AND WE RETREATED INTO A ROOM NEAR A...A...TRANSLOCATION DEVICE, I THINK THEY CALLED IT. NEXT THING I KNOW, WE'RE IN AN ALLEY WITH YOU AND THOSE GOONS!
A WHAT--?
WHAT KIND OF DEVICE?


A TRANSLOCATION DEVICE -- YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?
HMM... VERY INTERESTING... YES, I SEE... IT ADDS UP...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
IF I'M RIGHT, YOU WERE CAUGHT IN THE BEAM MATRIX OF A TRANSMAT MACHINE--A DEVICE WHICH INSTANTANEOUSLY TRANSMITS MATTER OVER VAST DISTANCES. SOMEHOW, IT SENT YOU HERE!
I WAS WORKING ON A SIMILAR DEVICE BEFORE--
YOU WERE?! THEN YOU CAN GET US BACK HOME--?!
YEAH!
LET'S GET STARTED!
HOLD ON NOW-- IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE...


MY TRANSMAT DEVICE EXISTS ONLY IN MY MIND, AND... OH WELL, I SHOULD JUST START AT THE BEGINNING...
YOU SEE, I AM NOT REALLY A ROBOT. UP UNTIL A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO, I WAS A SEMI-RETIRED SCIENTIST WORKING ON A FEW PET PROJECTS...
I HAD A NICE LAB OUT IN THE COUNTRY, AND SAL, MY HANDY WORKER ROBOT... ALL SUPPLIED BY THE GOVERNMENT.
THERE WAS A CATCH: THE MILITARY-- ESPECIALLY GENERAL BLANQUE -- WAS AFTER ME TO FINISH MY TRANSMAT PROTOTYPE. THEY WANTED TO USE IT AS A WEAPON...
...TO BEAM FISSION BOMBS INTO ENEMY SHIPS AND SO FORTH. THIS IDEA SICKENED ME, AND I RESISTED BY BEING SLOW TO DEVELOP THE PROTOTYPE... TOO SLOW FOR GENERAL BLANQUE...

... ANYWAY, I WAS MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN PERFECTING MY MENTAWAVE HELMET: A DEVICE FOR BOOSTING MIND POWERS LIKE TELEPATHY AND TELEKINESIS.
I HAD JUST FINISHED A SUCCESSFUL TEST OF THE MENTAWAVE, WHEN I HEARD A DISTRESS CALL FROM SAL, MY WORKER ROBOT...
I WENT OUTSIDE, AND THERE HE WAS, TANGLED UP IN SOME UNDERGROUND WIRES HE HAD DUG UP INADVERTENTLY WHILE DOING SOME GARDENING...
AN ELECTRICAL STORM WAS BREWING, SO I QUICKLY HELPED SAL OUT OF THE TANGLED CABLES, AND WAS LEADING HIM BACK TO THE LAB...
...WHEN IT HAPPENED:
A HUGE BOLT OF LIGHTING (PROBABLY ATTRACTED BY SAL'S METAL BODY) STRUCK US!
I WAS STILL WEARING THE MENTAWAVE HELMET... AND MY LAST THOUGHTS WERE OF SAL...

WHEN I FINALLY CAME BACK TO CONSIOUSNESS, I FOUND MY PHYSICAL BEING HAD CHANGED... MY HUMAN BODY WAS DEAD BURNED TO A CINDER!
BUT, BY THE FREAK POWER SURGE IN THE MENTAWAVE, MY MIND LIVED ON... TRANS-FERRED TO AND TRAPPED IN SAL'S ROBOT BODY!
SINCE THEN IT'S GONE FROM BAD TO WORSE -- GENERAL BLANQUE, FINDING MY BURNED HUMAN BODY, LAY THE BLAME ON SAL!
AND WHEN A ROBOT KILLS A HUMAN, THAT ROBOT BECOMES A ROGUE -- TO BE HUNTED DOWN AND TERMINATED!!*
...AND EVENTUALLY CAME HERE! PEBLAK HAS THE ONLY SPACEPORT ON D'HOONIB... AND I FIGURE MY BEST CHANCE TO SURVIVE IS TO GET OFF-PLANET -- IF I CAN!
AND SO I'VE BEEN RUNNING... AND HIDING...
WELL, THAT SETTLES IT...
...WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT -- ALL WANTED BY THE AUTHORITIES! WE'VE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER TO GET OUT OF HERE!

* OF COURSE HONEYCUTT DOESN'T KNOW THAT GENERAL BLANQUE IS NOW AWARE OF HIS "CONDITION"... AND THAT BLANQUE HAS CLASSIFIED THE ROBOT AS A **FUGITOID**, TO BE CAPTURED UNHARMED. IN THAT WAY, BLANQUE CAN EXPLOIT HONEYCUTT'S MIND, AND NO ONE WILL COMPLAIN -- FOR, AFTER ALL, ROBOTS HAVE NO RIGHTS!!!

A FEW HOURS LATER ...
YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT WAY?
YES... MY SENSORS "SMELL" SALT WATER... AND THE SPACEPORT IS NEAR THE SEAPORT.
ANY TROOPS?
LOOKS CLEAR-- LETS GO!
WHAT A DRAG... HERE WE ARE IN A CITY FULL OF FUNKY-LOOKING ALIENS ...
WHY IS THAT BAD?
sleep?
IT'S NOT! SEE, ON EARTH WE HAVE TO HIDE BECAUSE WE'RE DIFFERENT... SO WE FINALLY GET TO A PLACE LIKE THIS WHERE WE CAN FIT RIGHT IN AND WHAT HAPPENS?-- WE HAVE TO HIDE OUT 'CUZ WE'RE AIDING AND ABETTING A FUGITIVE FROM THE LAW! YOU CAN'T WIN...
I GUESS NOT...
PORTNEROY'S SPACEPORT JOCKEYBAR
WIPE YOUR STEP
NO TOK BOTS
HEY-- THIS BAR LOOKS PROMISING!
IT SHOULD SUFFICE...

MEANWHILE, IN PEBLAK BAY, IN THE ISLAND HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL BLANQUE...
YOU WHAT?!
LOST HIM?!
HOW!!?
SIMULTANEOUSLY AT A SECRET TRICERATON BASE HIDDEN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PEBLAK...
WE MUST CARTURE THIS HONEYCUTT ROBOT...
...WE MUST HAVE THE SECRET OF THE TRANSMAT WEAPON...
...ONCE WE HAVE IT-- NOTHING CAN STOP US!
SORRY, SIR-- BUT HE HAD HELP! THESE FOUR GREEN HUMANOID ALIENS BEAMED IN AND--
I DON'T CARE, SOLDIER! BE INCOMPETENT ON YOUR OWN TIME-- NOT IN MY SERVICE!
I WANT THAT FUGITOID!
FIND HIM-- TEAR THIS CITY APART IF YOU HAVE TO-- BUT FIND HIM !!!
SIR! ONE OF OUR SPIES HAS SPOTTED THE ROBOT IN SECTOR B1H!
EXCELLENT! READY THE SHOCK COMMANDOS--
--WE WILL STRIKE AND BE GONE BEFORE THE FEDERATION TROOPS KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED!!!

WOW--LOOK AT ALL THE LOW-LIFE FORMS!
YES, THIS BAR LOOKS SLIMY ENOUGH...WE SHOULD HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE FINDING SOMEONE WHO WILL HIRE SOME MORE LOW-PAID LABORERS FOR HIS SPACE FREIGHTER!
I JUST HOPE WE CAN FIND ONE THAT WILL TAKE US ALL!
?!?!

GRRR... WATCH WHERE YER GOIN', MEATHEAD!
HUMPH! FRESH--!

BEER, PLEASE!
WHAN ZUM ZUP KUCK?
OH...YEAH!

OH... YOU WANT MONEY RIGHT?
AH...UM...
HERE 'YA GO!

:SNIF: SMELLS FUNKY...
GLUG GLUG

ZUP-KUCK!

HEYYY... FAAAAR OUT!
:BURP:

YO, MOMMA... DON'T I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEWHERE..?
ZEEP YAS LOOLP?
NOW, LET'S SEE... WE HAVE TO MAKE CONTACTS.
...FIND SOME LOQUACIOUS SPACEPORT EMPLOYEES WHO CAN GIVE US USEFUL INFORMATION...
HMM...
HMM...

HEY, THOSE GUYS LOOK LIKE TYPICAL DOCK SCUM!
LET'S MOSEY OVER AND SAY HI!

MAYBE WE SHOULD GET HONEYCUTT TO TALK FOR US... HE KNOWS THE LOCAL...
...UH-OH...!
WHAT'S WRONG?

HEY-- IT'S THE 'TOID!-- AND THOSE GREEN ALIENS!
TROOPS!
RUN, YOU GUYS!
SHOOT THEM! JUST DON'T DAMAGE THE ROBOT!

'SCUSE ME--!
WHOOPS! SORRY...!

EAT LASER SCUM!

BLOW 'EM AWAY--
--AND GRAB THAT 'TOID!
YIKES!

MIKE-- IF YOU CAN DRAW THEIR FIRE, I'LL USE THIS GUY'S KNIVES--!
GOTCHA, DON--!

BLEARP!

YIPE!
ZIP
ZIP
SPAK!

YA!

GUK
GHAG!

I FEAR THAT ESCAPE IS IMPROBABLE, LEONARDO!
DON'T GIVE UP YET... MAYBE WE CAN BLAST OUR WAY OUT!

IF RAPHAEL CAN USE ONE OF THESE--
HMM... POINT... PULL THE TRIGGER... AND...

BWOMM!
BWOMM!
WOW!
OOF!
AARRGH--!
OOH--!

YOU SHAPED THAT CHARGE PERFECTLY, ZON!
THANKS, REZ... I TAKE PRIDE IN MY DEMOLITIONS!
NOW LET'S FIND THAT ROBOT--
--AND GET OUT OF HERE!
LEONARDO-- ARE YOU...?!
AIEE!--

HMPF! THE BLAST KNOCKED OUT ALL THE FEDERATS!
TOO BAD-- I'D HOPED TO TANGLE WITH 'EM...
HEY--THERE! TARGET SIGHTED--

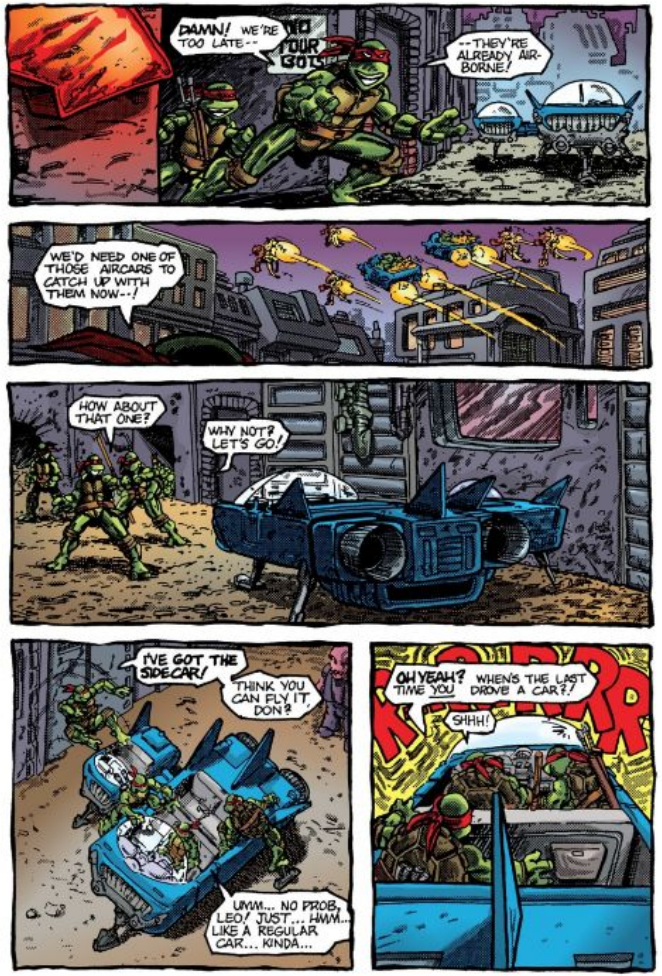
--TARGET IN HAND--
OH, NO-- TRICERATONS...!

--TARGET DELIVERED!

UNGH...
N-NO! THEY'RE TAKING HONEYCUTT-- AND HE'S OUR ONLY TICKET OUT OF HERE!
OOW'W... WHO ARE THESE HOSERS?
DON'T KNOW-- AN' I DON'T CARE--

--LET'S GO GET OUR FRIEND BACK!
AAAOORGH--!

GEGAH!
I'VE GOT THE ROBOT--!
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED-- ALL UNITS--
--TAKE OFF!
MOVE IT! MOVE IT--!

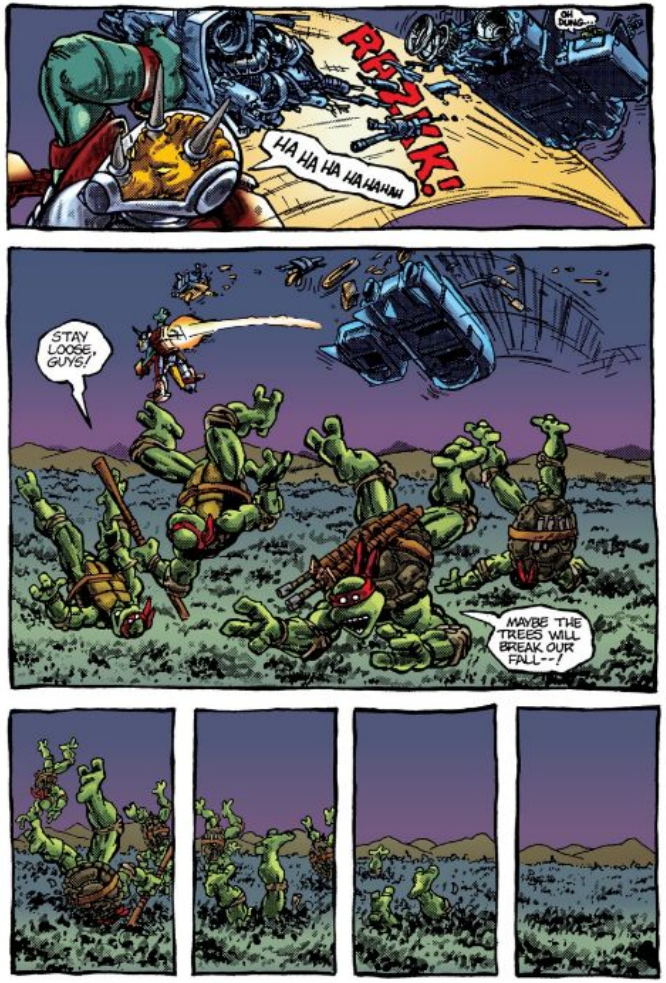


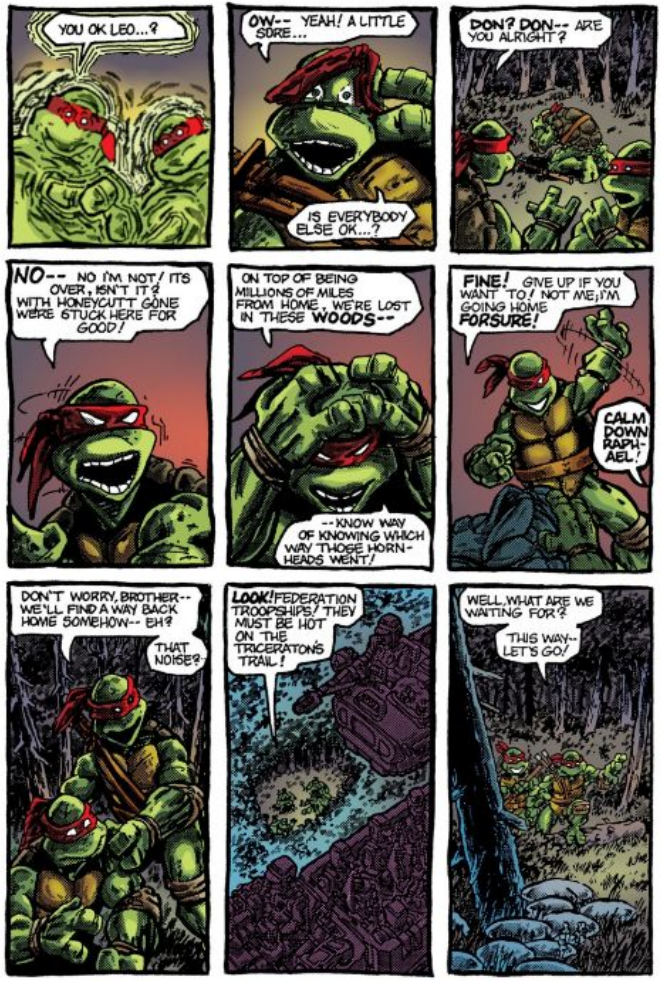
YAHOO! GRAB SKY!
WELL, IT HAS BEEN AWHILLLL

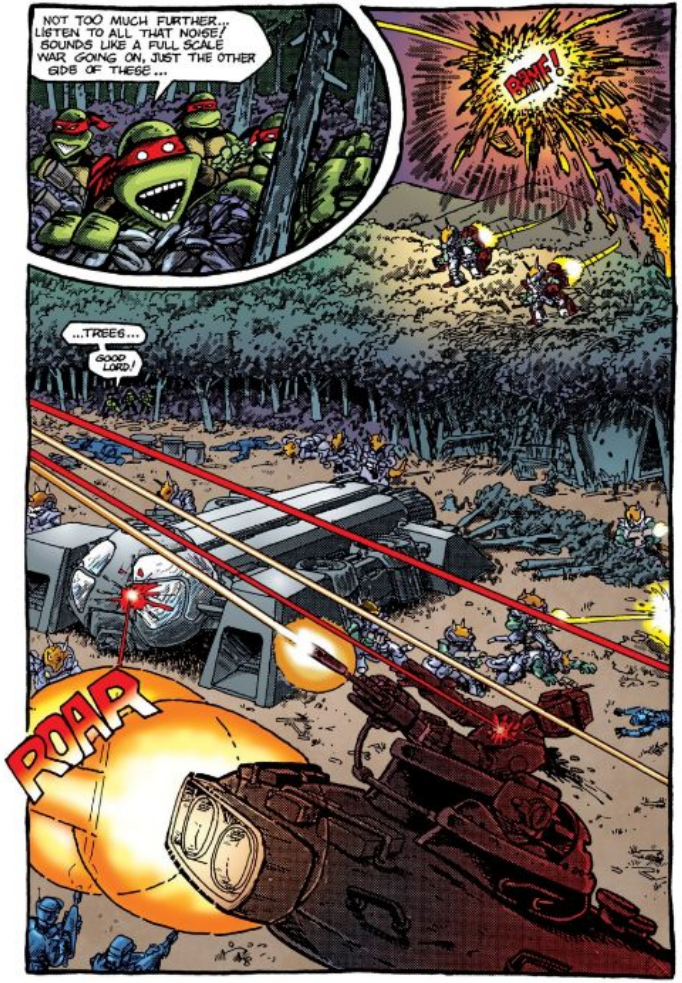
AH... THERE! I THINK I'VE GOT IT NOW, CAPTAIN!
VERY GOOD, MR. SCOTT! NOW TAKE US UP SO WE CAN SEE--
--THERE! ABOUT THREE MILES AHEAD--
--THOSE CREEPS THAT GRABBED HONEYCUTT!
LET'S GET 'EM!
YEAH, DON -- AS "THE BOSS" WOULD SAY:
"STAND ON IT!"
CRANK THIS SUCKER!
A FEW MILES AHEAD, AND DIRECTLY IN THE 'TURTLES' FLIGHT PATH...
YOU HEAR AN ENGINE...?
YEAH... A CLUNKER, BUT COMING FAST... SOME FOOL FOLLOWING US...?
COULD BE NOTHING... COULD BE FEDERAT SOLDIERS...
WAIT 'TIL IT PASSES OVER...

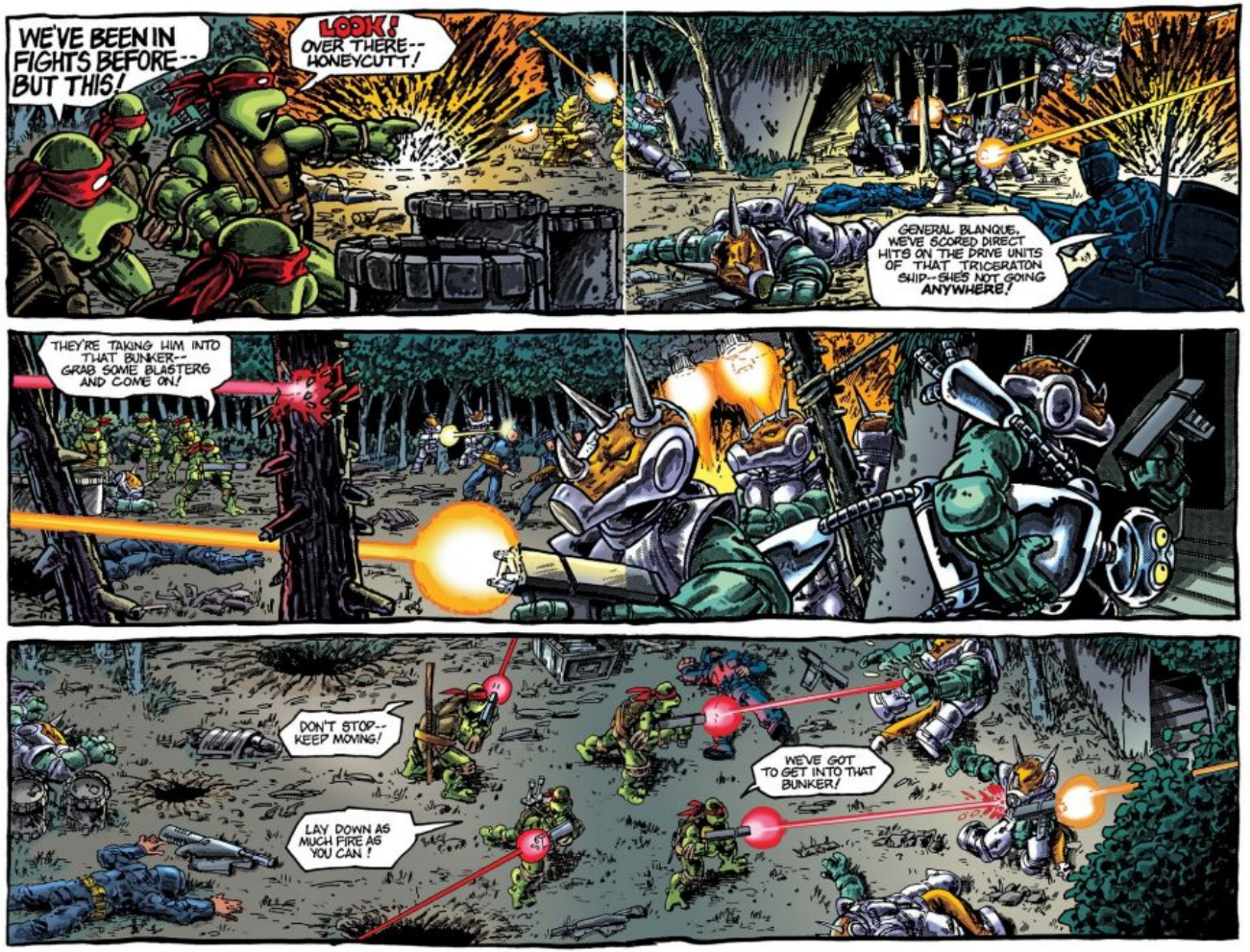
ALRIGHT-- LET'S DO OUR REAR-GUARD THING!
FAN OUT IN ATTACK FORMATION --!
UH-OH... BAD COMPANY!
GOOD THING I'VE STILL GOT THIS BLASTER!
WHOW
FFFFH
SPWOW

HAH! GOT 'IM!
AFFIRMATIVE!
ZED -- TAKE EVASIVE ACTION, AND DRAW HIS FIRE!
I'M GOING TO TAKE THESE WORMS OUT IN STYLE!
THAT OLD RUST-BUCKET SHOULDN'T EVEN BE IN THE AIR...
...SO, IN A WAY, I'M DOING YOU GEEKS A BIG FAVOR!
FFKK!


OH, DUMP...
RRZZKK!
HA HA HA HA HAHAH
STAY LOOSE, GUYS!
MAYBE THE TREES WILL BREAK OUR FALL--!


YOU OK LEO...?
OW-- YEAH! A LITTLE SORE...
IS EVERYBODY ELSE OK...?
DON? DON-- ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
NO-- NO I'M NOT! ITS OVER, ISN'T IT? WITH HONEYCUTT GONE WE'RE STUCK HERE FOR GOOD!
ON TOP OF BEING MILLIONS OF MILES FROM HOME, WE'RE LOST IN THESE WOODS--
--KNOW WAY OF KNOWING WHICH WAY THOSE HORN-HEADS WENT!
FINE! GIVE UP IF YOU WANT TO! NOT ME; I'M GOING HOME FORSURE!
CALM DOWN RAPH-AEL!
DON'T WORRY, BROTHER-- WE'LL FIND A WAY BACK HOME SOMEHOW-- EH?
THAT NOISE?
LOOK! FEDERATION TROOPSHIPS! THEY MUST BE HOT ON THE TRICERATON'S TRAIL!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
THIS WAY-- LET'S GO!


NOT TOO MUCH FURTHER... LISTEN TO ALL THAT NOISE! SOUNDS LIKE A FULL SCALE WAR GOING ON, JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF THESE...
BAMF!
...TREES...
GOOD LORD!
ROAR


WE'VE BEEN IN FIGHTS BEFORE-- BUT THIS!
LOOK! OVER THERE-- HONEYCUTT!
GENERAL BLANQUE, WE'VE SCORED DIRECT HITS ON THE DRIVE UNITS OF THAT TRICERATON SHIP--SHE'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
THEY'RE TAKING HIM INTO THAT BUNKER-- GRAB SOME BLASTERS AND COME ON!
DON'T STOP-- KEEP MOVING!
LAY DOWN AS MUCH FIRE AS YOU CAN!
WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO THAT BUNKER!

HERE'S THE ENTRANCE-- I'LL GO FIRST!
ALL CLEAR!
LET'S MOVE IT!

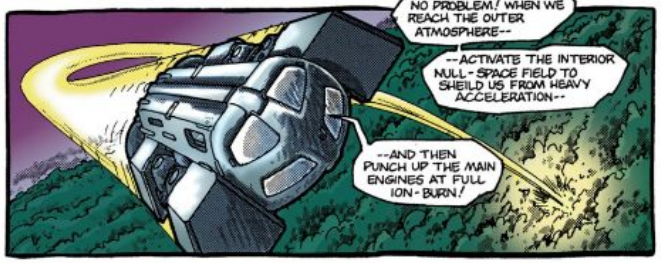
NO ONE IN SIGHT. WHERE TO NOW?
LET'S TRY THIS DOOR!
HMM-- WHAT A STRANGE LOOKING BUNKER--

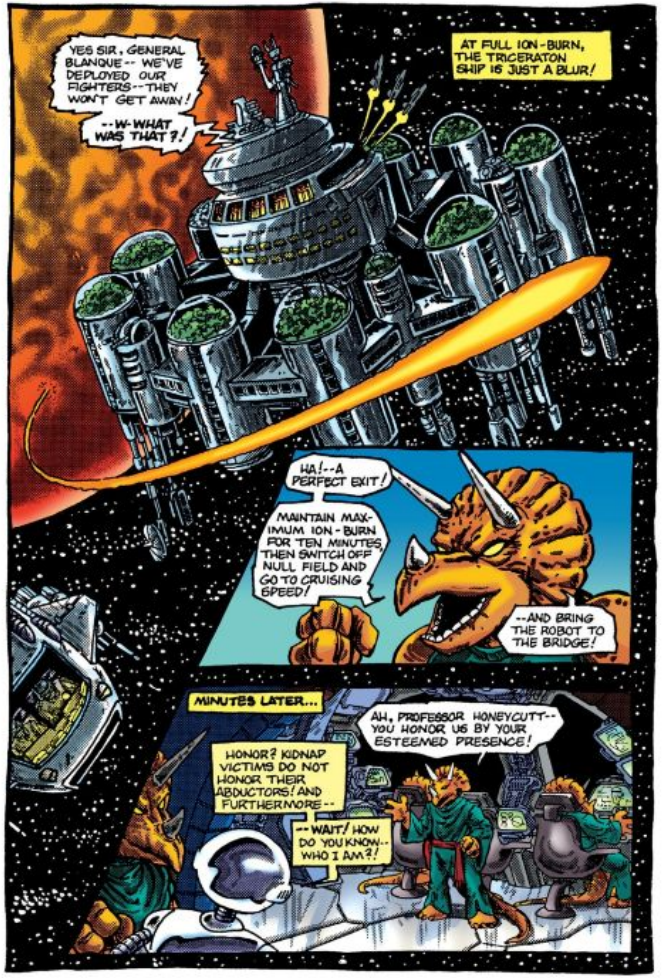
STAND BACK-- I'LL GET IT!
THESE GUNS ARE SO COOL!

ZILCH! JUST A STORAGE ROOM!
CLANK!
NOW WHAT?
HEY--! I THINK I HEAR SOMEBODY CLOSING THAT OUTSIDE DOOR!
WE'D BETTER HIDE!
RUMBLE!!!
YAAA!
WE'RE HIT!
NO! THAT WASN'T A BOMB-- I THINK WE'RE--

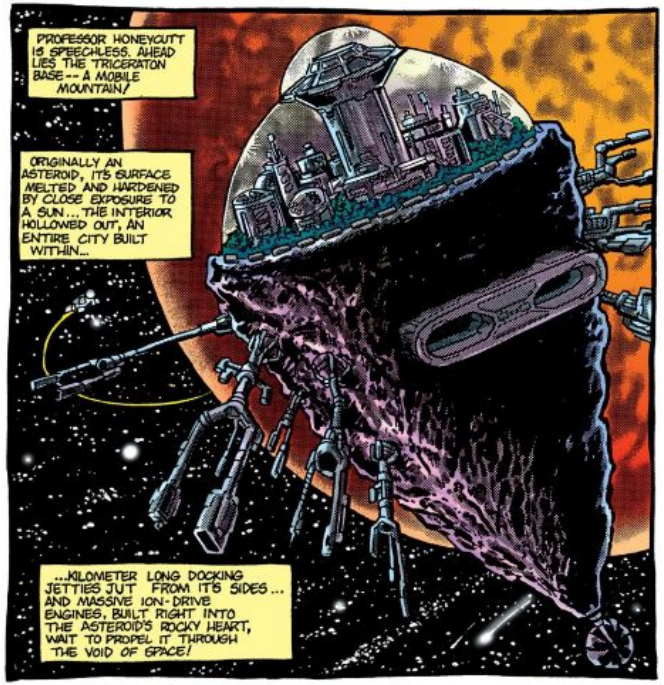
... MOVING!
WE'VE GOT THOSE TRICERATON SCUM ON THE RUN NOW, GENERAL BLANQUE! WE'LL HAVE THEM MOPPED-UP IN NO... TIME...
HUH?!
ARRRAAAHHHH

HAH! STUPID FEDERATS! THEY DESTROYED ONE DECOY SHIP AND THEY THINK THEY HAVE US TRAPPED!
NOW ALL WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS GETTING THROUGH THE ORBITAL DEFENSES--
--REMEMBER, WE BURNED-OUT OUR CLOAKING DEVICE ON THE WAY IN!


NO PROBLEM! WHEN WE REACH THE OUTER ATMOSPHERE--
--ACTIVATE THE INTERIOR NULL-SPACE FIELD TO SHEILD US FROM HEAVY ACCELERATION--
--AND THEN PUNCH UP THE MAIN ENGINES AT FULL ION-BURN!


YES SIR, GENERAL BLANQUE-- WE'VE DEPLOYED OUR FIGHTERS--THEY WON'T GET AWAY!
--W-WHAT WAS THAT?!
AT FULL ION-BURN, THE TRICERATON SHIP IS JUST A BLUR!
HA!--A PERFECT EXIT!
MAINTAIN MAXIMUM ION-BURN FOR TEN MINUTES, THEN SWITCH OFF NULL FIELD AND GO TO CRUISING SPEED!
--AND BRING THE ROBOT TO THE BRIDGE!
MINUTES LATER...
AH, PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT-- YOU HONOR US BY YOUR ESTEEMED PRESENCE!
HONOR? KIDNAP VICTIMS DO NOT HONOR THEIR ABDUCTORS! AND FURTHERMORE--
--WAIT! HOW DO YOU KNOW-- WHO I AM?!

HAHAHA! SURPRISED? WE LEARNED YOUR IDENTITY FROM AN ASSOCIATE OF AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS--
--GENERAL BLANQUE!
BLANQUE? THEN--HE KNEW... ALL THIS TIME...!
YES, HE KNEW... THAT THE SECRET OF THE ULTIMATE WEAPON WAS NOW LOCKED WITHIN THIS COMMON ROBOT'S BODY--
--AND WITHIN YOUR MIND! I SPEAK, OF COURSE--
--OF THE TRANSMAT DEVICE!
BUT--BUT I NEVER EVEN BUILT A PROTOTYPE! I DON'T KNOW IF IT WILL WORK--!
OH, DON'T BE SO MODEST, HONEYCUTT--WE HAVE GREAT FAITH IN YOU!
SIR--! WE'VE JUST DROPPED OUT OF CRUISE MODE... ...BASE ONE IS JUST AHEAD!
VERY GOOD... SOON, HONEYCUTT, YOU WILL SEE THAT THE TRICERATON REPUBLIC HAS VAST RESOURCES FOR YOU TO EMPLOY IN YOUR CREATION OF THE TRANSMAT...
SIR? FUEL SUPPLY IS EXHAUSTED... WE'RE COASTING NOW... BASE ONE HAS LOCKED ONTO US... DOCKING ESTIMATED IN FIVE MINUTES!
NOW, PROFESSOR-- LOOK UPON ONE SMALL PART OF THE GLORY OF THE REPUBLIC--
GOOD HEAVEN-!!!


PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT IS SPEECHLESS. AHEAD LIES THE TRICERATON BASE -- A MOBILE MOUNTAIN!
ORIGINALLY AN ASTEROID, ITS SURFACE MELTED AND HARDENED BY CLOSE EXPOSURE TO A SUN... THE INTERIOR HOLLOWED OUT, AN ENTIRE CITY BUILT WITHIN...
...KILOMETER LONG DOCKING JETTIES JUT FROM IT'S SIDES... AND MASSIVE ION-DRIVE ENGINES, BUILT RIGHT INTO THE ASTEROID'S ROCKY HEART, WAIT TO PROPEL IT THROUGH THE VOID OF SPACE!

MEAN WHILE, IN A CARGO HOLD...
:COUGH!
SO...:COUGH! ...THIS IS WHAT ZERO GRAVITY FEELS LIKE!
OK, ENOUGH :COUGH! FOOLING AROUND! LET'S GO :COUGH! FIND HONEYCUTT!

HEY... AH, GUYS? :COUGH! IS IT ME, OR IS IT :COUGH! GETTING HARD TO BREATHE?

OH, NO! YOU'RE :COUGH! RIGHT--
--WE'RE :COUGH! RUNNING OUT OF AIR!
TO BE CONTINUED!!!